FORTIFIED WITH MANY CREATIVE WORKS
ALPHA-PARTICLES
SHORT SWEET SEGMENTS IN VARIOUS SHAPES ®
WORDEATER
NET WORTH. 100 %
WORDEATER
34

WORDEATER XXXIV STAFF

Judy Belfield
Kristi Carston
Beth Hawkins
Dave Moore
Deb Wiggins
John Stobart

For this issue, to get a submission accepted, three of the above had to vote for acceptance. For the award winners, only John Stobart is responsible.

Present manuscripts or cover designs for Wordeater Number 36 must be submitted to John Stobart in room C 1069 by May 8, 1981. Manuscripts will not be returned. They may be anonymous. They should be typed.

WORDEATER WINNERS

$25.00 Poetry Award shared by:

Judy Belfield

Adriane Saylor

$25.00 Prose Award:

David Moore

Cover Designs - $20.00 to:

Jason Coleman

LOUD MOUTH McKRACKEN SO DECRIES! via J. Stobart, his representative. The preceding awards are for Wordeater 34, this volume. Similar awards will be granted for future issues.

DEADLINE: WORDEATER 36 - May 8, 1981
37 - Oct. 5, 1981
38 - Nov. 23, 1981

Thanks to all who helped collate.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Terez Lua	The Perfect Male	2
Nancy Lockhart	Who But the Crazy	3
Beth Hawkins	Broken Girl - Broken World .c.	
David Moore	Introducing the Suburban Outcasts.	
Adriane Saylor	Man of My Dreams	5
Judy Belfield	Ten O'Clock Saturday Night	
David Moore	In Conclusion.	6
Judy Belfield	We Lay On the Living Room Floor.	
Adriane Saylor	You Are the River.	7
	A Sea-life	
	Am I a Miser?.	8
Judy Belfield	The Sun Didn't Shine Today	
Nancy Lockhart	For an Eighteenth Century Poet	
J. D. Guse	Developing the Future Societies.	9
Beth Hawkins	I Sit and Think.	
	Drained.	
	The Game	
Judy Belfield	Teachers	10
J. D. Guse	I Sit Here Thinking of the Time I Will	11
	One I Would Truely Love To Know Better As a Friend	
Phyllis Roa	In Search of a Jewish Friend	12
David Moore	Deep Meaning in Trivia	13
J. D. Guse	Calmness Penetrates.	
David Moore	Cross Purposes	14
	Lord of the Tropical Brain Forest.	
	Twelve Dismembered Bodies In a Garbage Can	
Judy Belfield	Every Day My Wakeupradio Snaps On.	15
J. D. Guse	Getting Stoned and Writing Stories	
Rochelle Graham	My World	17
Judy Belfield	Did You Know	
	I Am Lifted By Gray-Puff Clouds.	
Nancy Lockhart	A Cow I Recall	18
	Your Kisses Are Pepper	
	Easy Letters	
Beth Hawkins	Prison	
Allison Vanderboegh	Why Does Joe Have Problems	
David Moore	Pick A Card.	19
Judy Belfield	I Bounded Through the Leafy Jungle	20
Beth Hawkins	A Self-Centered Circus of Life	
Adriane Saylor	On the Nile.	21
J. D. Guse	Depression	
Adriane Saylor	Lunar Orphans Adrift	22
Judy Belfield	Migraine	
	I Was Driving Home Today	23
	Last Night I Dreamed You Died.	
David Moore	Quiet Conquest	24

Terez Lua

THE PERFECT MALE

Burt Winston is the most attractive man alive today.

The inspired heterosexual male - devout lover of women, a man whose life is a celebration of the fact that he was born beautiful - does not arouse much psychological interest. Volumes have been devoted to homosexuality and the "Don Juan complex," but the man who openly enjoys women and possesses extremely good looks is seldom acknowledged.

Females all over the world acknowledge the presence of Burt Winston. A mere glimpse of him tends to put women into a momentary trance. To pinpoint Burt's best feature would be next to impossible, for all his physical aspects are remarkable. He surpasses the six foot mark in height and weighs one hundred and ninty-five pounds. Burt has a head of glorious hair, the naturally blond kind that has turned a streaky gold due to age. It is incredibly thick with just the right amount of curl to it. Burt's eyes resemble those of a Swedish Viking. They are as clear and blue as a summer sky. When Burt laughs, his eyes almost close, and the small sunburst of lines at the corner of each eye deepen, making him appear merry and wise. His nose is long and thin with slightly flared nostrils, and his lips are a red, wine color. When Burt parts his full lips and starts to smile, a set of flawless white teeth are unveiled, giving a Farrah Fawcett effect. The skin on his face is semi-rough in texture, and the scar on his left cheekbone has faded considerably and is now barely visible. The scar seems to add a final touch of masculinity to Burt's face, a mark that represents physical toughness, without coming off as being harsh or savage. The small amount of hair that is present on his face appears to be as soft as peach fuzz due to its light color. But if a woman were to brush her cheek against the fuzzy mass, it would feel as rough as sandpaper. Burt's shoulders are masses of muscular contours, which stem down to his firm arms. Each arm contains a population of veins that protude when pressure is exerted. His hands are big and strong, and superior in strength. Burt's chest is wide and smooth, with two chocolate brown nipples resembling Hershey's kisses. His waist is as slim as a model's, his stomach as flat as Kansas, and his belly button is "outsey." Burt has a small, round bottom that would look incredible in a pair of Calvin Klein jeans, providing they fit like the skin on a grape. The description of what lies opposite Burt's derreierre, explicit detail is unnecessary, and would be considered crude. Needless to say, Playgirl Magazine would be impressed. Burt's legs are long and lean with a thin film of white hair

covering them. They are thick and muscular, similar to a football player's. His feet are as soft and smooth as a babies. His toes are small and thin, and his toenails are neatly groomed. Burt is exquisite right down to his toes.

Burt Winston is an example of the perfect male. He does not have bad breath, body odor, dirt under his fingernails, jock itch, knee ailments, athlete's foot itch, or any other physical defect. Therefore, it is not surprising that women find him so irrestible. After all, the All-American golden-boy with the great body never goes out of style.

*****

Nancy Lockhart

WHO BUT THE CRAZY

Who but the crazy would stay up
Til 4 a.m. inventing spells and
Incantations just to turn
Your heart around?

Who but the crazy keeps
Trying daisies when the last
Petals are always the same?

Who but the crazy would
Have her towels monogrammed
With your last name,
Even though you've got the hots
For Pamela?

Who but the crazy would
Send you this poem and
Sign it:

Your bambino from Manteno?

*****

Beth Hawkins

BROKEN GIRL - BROKEN WORLD

Lonely girls
with golden curls
soon lose their hearts
and fall apart
to faded dreams
and clever schemes
of men who think
but never care . . .

*****

David Moore

INTRODUCING THE SUBURBAN OUTCASTS

For all intents and purposes it was a normal kitchen in a typical middle-class home. It was clean, with shiny floors and stainless counters; it even lacked the unpleasant ododors that often lingered after last evening's meal. Quite simply, it was the ideal kitchen, the kind various companies claimed housewives could maintain if they used this or that cleaning product.

The only thing out of place was the monster. It was a massive creature covered with bright red fur. The body vaguely resembled a pyramid standing on three trunk-like legs. It also had three arms, each terminating in a hand that looked perfectly human. It had no visible head or even ears, mouth, or nose, but the body possessed several eyes arranged all round the pyramidal form in a random pattern. This outlandish beast was engaged in the simple task of leading the dishwasher, a task made quicker because of the three arms.

From another part of the house came the sound of a door opening then shutting and a cheerful call of "Eustace, I'm home!"

The monster's many eyes sparkled with alien glee as it loped out of the kitchen to greet the owner of the voice. Its motion was hardly clumsy, quite the opposite in fact. In a way no two legged being could probably imagine the creatures movements were fluid, even graceful.

"Eustace, where are you?" demanded the voice, sounding rather upset.

Eustace was the monster's name, or at least a name he answered to. The owner of the voice was the man he lived with, a certain Morgan Halifax. Now Halifax was hardly unusual when compared to his roommate, but among his own kind he was thought to be just one step away from a rent-free rubber room.

He was a distinguished-looking gentleman who had reached middle age. He was tolerated by his neighbors because he was usually polite and never made much trouble. He had also lived in the area longer then any of them. He was viewed with suspicion because he wore a green top-hat and a blue cape. It was also rumoured that he thought his great grandfather was Jack the Ripper. Besides, there were other people to look down on. Among these were the two young people who had taken up residence in the vacant lot next door to the Halifax home.

Halifax removed his cape and tossed it onto the living room couch but kept his hat on. He had the afternoon edition of a newspaper tucked under his right arm. He was unrolling it and humming an old Beatles tune when Eustace strolled in, the apex of his pyramidal body brushing the ceiling.

"Oh, there you are" muttered Halifax as he was looking for the comics section. "What's for supper tonight?"

Eustace made several confusing gestures with his three hands and then looked at his friend expectantly.

Halifax moaned "Why do you want to go out and eat tonight? You know they always freak out when we walk into the restaurant."

But Eustace continued to employ manic sign language, a pleading look in his many eyes. Then a devious idea seemed to cross his mind and the hand motions became less urgent.

Halifax gaped at him with an expression of mock horror "Oh no, you wouldn't! That's totally inhuman and gross! The very idea offends my sensibilities."

Eustace seemed to be amused at the success of his threat. It was one he hardly ever used because constant use would have put a strain on their relationship. He had merely announced that if he were forced to produce an instant dinner he would prepare something simple like roasted roaches. Eustace could ingest anything organic without ill effect.

Halifax dropped his paper carelessly on the floor and grabbed his cape. "Why don't I invite the Plebians to come with us? They're probably sick of eating rabbits, sparrows, and squirrels."

Eustace indicated that he agreed with the idea by raising one of his hands and pointing upward with the index finger. Even he felt sorry for the Plebians, the people who lived in the vacant lot next door. They were a young couple who had gotten married after graduating college. (The old custom had become something of a fad at that time.) They had tightened their belts and saved enough money to buy the property, but just as they were ready to build, the interest on housing loans went up to fifty percent. So they invested in a good tent and became determined to save up for a home by living off the local fauna and a large garden instead of losing their earnings at the grocery store.

Halifax adjusted his cape and top-hat then stalked out the front door, Eustace squeezed through behind him. Morgan was still complaining "I know why you forgot to fix dinner. You got caught up in those stupid soap-operas again, didn't you? Gawd how I hate those things!"

George Plebian was loading his pellet gun when his neighbors arrived. He got up off the rock he was sitting on and greeted them. "Howdy Morgan, and you," to Eustace. I was just getting ready to go out and find some supper, would you care to come?"

"No thank you, George" replied Halifax "Instead we have come to request your presence on an expedition to the nearest restaurant. Eustace insists on being treated like an aristocrat, so I

figure since I'm paying for his meal I should invite my only other friends."

George grinned "Sounds alright to me. Hey, Octavia! Morgan invited us to go out to dinner!" He then put his gun back in the tent.

Octavia Plebian came from the garden, she had a bucket full of edible vegatation. She seemed to be in a good mood "That's nice of you Morgan, if you're sure it won't be any trouble."

"'Course not. Hurry up, let's go. I think Eustace is hungry." answered Halifax, quickly brushing off the formality.

And so it was that this odd group set out on a journey down the sidewalks of a nice, pleasant suburban neighborhood. They found it mildly amusing that everybody else out for a stroll chose to use the other side of the street.

"Y'know Morgan" said Octavia trying to start a conversation "I always was curious about how you and Eustace got together. I mean, I know it's personal and all that, but it must be an interesting story."

Halifax smiled slightly "Okay then, I'll tell it. Let's see, it was back in '86 I think. That was the year they lowered the speed limit to thirty-five, remember? Anyway, I was really down and out because nobody was doing anything worthwhile anymore. The country was going straight to Hell, if ya know what I mean. There was no longer a clear distinction between good and evil that I could make out. Everything had been too carefully examined, analyzed, and explained until there was no clear dividing line. So, since I was unable to get a grip on reality using the old standards or the new, I decided to think up a totally unique philosophy. For seven days I pondered reality, trying to face it head on. But I found that facing reality was impossible because it wore a paper bag over its head. Then finally, on the eighth day, I was able to infer what hid beneath that bag." He stopped talking, lost in a maze of memory.

"Morgan, I don't want to stop your drive down the lanes of your brain" interrupted Octavia "but what about Eustace?"

Halifax continued from where he left off "I finally realized that the true struggle was not between good and evil, but between Chaos and Order. Once I knew this the whole world opened up for me. I was able to understand everything in terms of the war being waged by Chaos and Order. This is where Eustace came in. You see, I decided to support Chaos, so I went to the top of a hill and begged the forces of Chaos to send me an ally that would help me disrupt my conservative community. And out of the sky came a red, hairy blob of glop. It landed at my feet, I took it home, planted it in my mushroom patch, and it eventually grew into Eustace. At first there was some chaos, but Order adjusted its forces and we're tolerated now."

They walked the rest of the way in silence, finally arriving at a fancy restaurant. Eustace was allowed in even though he didn't have a tie.

The waiter was a stiff, formal gentleman dressed in a tuxedo. He ignored Eustace and the clothing of of the humans and led them to a table toward the back of a dimly lit dining area.

Eustace politely seated Octavia. Morgan and George seated themselves, and Halifax didn't even take off his hat. The alien was far too massive for a chair and squatted down on all threes.

A disinterested waitress put in an appearance, giving them each a glass of water. She then pretended to be pleasant and asked the standard questions "Would you care for some cocktails before you order? Or perhaps some marijuana or L.S.D.?"

George replied "No thank you, I don't want to get into all that again." Octavia also declined, as did Morgan. After all, they had to walk home after dinner. The waitress shrugged and left their table.

Halifax raised his glass of water "I would like to propose a toast" The Plebians also raised theirs "To Chaos!" he exclaimed, drawing disgusted looks from most of the other patrons.

Eustace ingested his water, glass and all, by shoving it into an alien orifice hidden beneath his shaggy red fur.

*****

Questions To Readers

I. Multiple Choice

1. Chaos is...
   A. Anarchy
   B. The opposite of Order
   C. A picnic in the park

2. Order is...
   A. Totalitarianism
   B. The opposite of Chaos
   C. The draft

Fill In The Blank

3. The author is the reincarnation of_____?

Select The Best Answer and Give Your Reasons (You are the critic)

4. This story (was great, really sucked) because....

Send all answers to David Moore, 32 Timberwood Ct., Minooka, IL. 60447
C'mon folks, let's have some feedback here!

Adriane Saylor

Man of my Dreams

You are not my father, but you smack of
paternity to me.
Your patronizing lances and your embrace
are for the child in me,
yet they hold me bound tighter than any
boa constrictor ever could.
Your smile is the iron gate that holds my
soul and the snake that sneaks into my heart
to do mischief.
I cannot bear you, begone.
But you know better tricks to evade my
exorcism rites and my chanting in the dark.
Leave my dreams alone, I pray;
but night after night, you come with your promised
peace and your sickening cross to lay me out
like a victim.
What is it you want of me my Holy Inquisitor?
I have not time for Pentecosts and Crucifixions,
take away your fire and your stinking sacrifice.
Yet, I conjure you and you come back each time
a penny to my well, alone.....

*****

Judy Belfield

Ten O' Clock Saturday Night

ten o' clock saturday night
watchin the cars go by
turned off the stereo minutes ago
but there aint no silence. . .
noooo silence

the window fan hums
and the motors outside
whine and chuggle and vrrrrrp
sometimes a blast of music speeds past
dying as distance carries it away

it's summersizzlin, stickyfingered August
but it aint the season
that's the reason
for this feelin
that feels like cryin
feels like laughin
feels like somethin
feels like nothin
don't know what it is
or where it comes from
'cept it's there
and I wish it'd go away.

*****

David Moore

In Conclusion...

When the storm clouds gather,
Over a sea of blood.
We will know at last,
That our time has finally come.

Bodies stacked in mountains,
As far as the eye can see.
Cities blasted off the map,
Civilization good for good.

Green forests turned to ashes,
Dead fish in poisoned seas.
The bodies will rot forever,
They will not be buried.

The time has come for us to know,
That our lives were all for naught.
For all that lives are scavengers,
Crawling 'mongst the ruins.

Man is gone, perhaps for good,
And there are none to replace him.
Is planet Earth completely dead,
All the dreams gone for good?

Noble men and wise men,
Saw a bright new future.
But evil reared its ancient head,
And all the dreams are dead.

At the hand of -
Man the Destroyer.

*****

Judy Belfield

We Lay On The Living Room Floor

We lay on the living room floor
in the dark silence of after-midnight,
as strands of moonbeams
and cool spring air
braided themselves together
and floated in through the open window.

I watched you;
studied your face
bathed in milky, liquid light . . .
You were staring at me.
I don't know what you were thinking,
but you kissed me repeatedly,
as if you thought you'd never get another chance.

It was an important episode to me --
but when I mentioned it to you just the other day,
you said you didn't remember.

*****

Adriane Saylor

You Are the river....

Angry, red and roiling,
You rise like the clay-stained waters of
Texas;
bubbling along over the dry bones
of my dreams and my pleas
You flow to the mountains and break there
into a thousand sun-coloured fragments.
Then you flow back with the stagnant green
lime of disappointment
and settle around my feet like a ribbon
of sorrow.
It is I that first bend to collect you
in my trembling hands.
Letting your sad, grey dismay
flow over me and through me like lasers of
sotrm lightning now diffused and quiet.
Now I am liquid too,
flowing back over you; our sorrows mixing in
the soft blackness of the night
until we wash each other and flow clear
once more to the scoured basin of hope.....

*****

A Sea-life...

We touch, timidly at first,
brushing the lines of our lives
with the silk of conversation;
we flow into each other's eyes, the dark
and the dark meeting like the panes of a glass.
I hold the look forever,
I who keeps bits of things, like poems
and old jewelry and worn, old jeans.
I refuse to let it slip away,
sucking at it like the precious oxygen
under water,
a bubble only, something precious to send
me swimming into the dark green and blue depths
dreaming dreams of my mermaid days.
We are fish of the same fin,
my friend,
amethyst lives in our moments
and floats all around us in a cloud of unreality,
so what,
we create our own and dive where no swimmers go,
only fools, heady with the visions of Heaven and Hell
before the earth cooled to its Christian crust and fell
deeply in love with myth and mystery.
Now we dart away into our little shells of safety,
unsure of this new land-life and its tricky surface
treasures.....

*****

[illegible] Taylor

[illegible]

All the money I ever had
ran through my hands like so much
dirt and ran into the crevices of other
lives.
Money was an unfaithful lover,
packing its green nightshirts and
silver jockey shorts in its corner
suitcase and leaving,
never to be seen again.
It stared at me from the tables of
childhood in other people's homes
and hibernated to me of greater places under
pillows at night.
It danced before me as like harlequin in
multicolored horror and dirty joy.
I fondled it and gave it away for cheap
articles of vanity and regretted it.
But, one thing I never did,
I never used it to buy love.

*****

Judy Belfield

The Sun Didn't Shine Today

The sun didn't shine today --
it covered its ears with snowclouds,
not wanting to hear
the poet's deathsong.
It was not the song of long ago
with words yearning for the oneness of humanity,
but a rasping, whispered finale,
accompanied by gunfire
stuttering a gruesome discordance in the night.

He will sing no more
of love or peace,
yet echoes of his yesterday soul
will persevere.
One day the world may hear
and all the ugliness disappear
When the shocking sounds of violence
change to music --
Imagine!

*****

Nancy Lockhart

For An Eighteenth Century Poet

Limpid droplets collect
To cloud the very words
Which caused them there;
This page you share,
More intimate than bed.

You, dead? How history books
Do lie.
Ephemeral - but in years.
You are more alive
Than I
Emerging from these tears.

*****

J. D. Guse

Developing the Future Societies

How often have you traveled the road of another man's system? How often have you been the victim of having little or no power of controlling a system?

In my opinion, our society has become the screw of the majority's machine. Not only have the major corporations and upper class society's financial structure deteriorated our personal financial goals, but I am sure, at least in one's personal life, the opinions of a friend have been strongly imposed. Thus an attitude develops which upsets one's initiative, drive, and/or direction of ascertaining personal non-financial goals.

The first amendment of the Constitution clearly states our freedom. Yet we have chosen the route of the lesser, constantly ostracizing our ideas, possibly because they don't meet the standards set by our peers or superiors. We basically have lost the incentive to perform and complete projects.

In theory, I believe we side with the majority because of the need for security. We humans have evolved as the superior mind of all living creatures; however, few of us actually use much of the mind. Let me state my premise of the tangible and intangible.

The tangible thought one may have is not actually a thought but a routine. The system is organized; the jobs and experience needed for the jobs are clarified, and in some cases, the slightest deviation from these set rules may mean failure in the goals one is trying to achieve. One is told what to do, how to do it, and when it should be done. The mind reacts as if it were on automatic pilot.

The intangible thought is the thought from the inventive mind. There are few rules, no boundaries, and no one to evaluate the thought but the inventor. It is the power of self evaluation; the power to understand yourself better than anyone else. An example of intangible thought is that of the jazz musician. The musician creates or invents a melody while playing. The melody is not written down, and the musician has the power to improvise at will. In essence, the intangible thought process allows the mind to work as it should.

We are not a bad society, quite the contrary. However, I feel our minds are not being totally utilized. We are unique, we have the power to change, but most regretably, we do not progress as individuals. We have become the pagans of the majority's system. Divided we shall stand; united we shall fail.

*****

Beth Hawkins

I Sit and Think

I sit and think
No longer do I quake
like some boneless being
that floats in fluid.

I feel the adrenalin
build up my strength
for harder times to come -
and slower days of
Rain . . .

*****

Drained

Drained -
a meatless being
all nothingless muscle
and frivolous fiber.
A saltless tear -
A meatalless pipe
A painful, seedless existence ...
Every step petrified
by ice and age and stone
Worse than Lifeless death -
a death-filled Life . . .

*****

The Game

They gave me a number
and took away my name.
Then alone was I a soldier,
allowed to play the game.
Then I'm in a country
a far, uncivil land
And I take my plastic gun
and stand and shoot at men.
One day as I'm careless
and turn my head away
I fall as a bomb explodes
and my legs are blown away.
Suddenly I'm in a VA hospital
which isn't very clean
And as I lay and hear bombs fall
I slowly rot, gangrene.
Now as I lay in dirt
a sleepless, turning slumber
the only thing I hate is death
not with a name, but with a number.

*****

Judy Belfield

Teachers

Today it rained and wouldn't stop
The thunder inside me
    rumbled a dismally repetitious overture
    and I was seared
    with spears of lightning
    that pierced me through
And I thought of the Seven Sorrows --
    swords that crossed the heart of the Virgin --
        painted everywhere in the churches
        and on holy cards.
I remember seven tears
    splotched on the lines of a sheet of looseleaf paper
    and the sister who circled them
        as she sat next to me in my desk
        counting, "One, two, three . . ."
        about to tell me of the seven trials,
        but then was interrupted.
She was an air person --
    her veil rustled and her habit swished
        as though there were taffeta beneath;
    she could hear a fly's footstep on cotton
        and her head would jerk to search the sound.
But she had slapped me,
    leaving crimson fingermarks on my cheek
    because I had slapped Susan
    who wouldn't let me play
        and I was the new kid --
            the one who spent all those recesses in the bathroom
            dreaming until the bell rang
    except that one day
            when I was tired of dreaming
            and wanted to play.
So she slapped me as I came up the stairs
    marching with a partner I have since forgotten
    from the cold, crispy play-yard,
        where we dared to touch our tongues
        to the bar of the merry-go-round on frosty days
        to see if they would stick.
The sting of her hand
    was like that on my seven-year-old legs
    that walked to school bare in January
    and knelt in the furnace-clanking classroom
        for morning prayers,
    needles shooting from hips to heels,
        sniffling snot,
        like all the other scarlet-legged little girls,
        wishing I were a boy
            and could wear pants.
She stunned me with the slap
    that echoed in the hallway
    that smelled of kids and wet, winter coats.
And later,
    scrunched in my seat behind the kid in front,
    she spied me splashing tears
    and rustled toward me,
        beads clicking at her side
        and sat down,
        circling the splots and speaking of Mary
    and I not knowing what she meant,
        tried to listen,
        tried to understand
        until she whisked away,
            leaving a puzzle of unfinished words behind.

They did not teach Greek at this new school;
there were whole new mysteries
that blotted out that first Baptism in a gold font
that glimmered in sunshine
where I stood in a carefully embroidered slip
and the water dribbled over me
as the Greek words were spoken.
I had not learned the sting or stun of hand,
but only to sing "Jesus Loves Me" in a foreign tongue,
and knew gentle priests with hirsute faces and watery eyes.
And then I knew the white-haired lady
who never spoke of god,
but of ABC's and May baskets
and "trip-trap, trip-trap, Billy-Goat's Gruff."
A kindergarten scrapbook
presses a yellowed paper
with red and purple flowers
blazing in the center --
"FOR MISS FUNK.
I LOVE YOU.
JUDY ANN."
I wanted to love the sister,
but she taught me of sting
with a swing of her hand.
Today it rained
and I remembered.

*****

J. D. Guse

I Sit Here Thinking Of The Time I Will

I sit here thinking of the time I will
sit here thinking of you. Because
here thinking is best. I am
thinking of the fire, the creek, and
of the talks that led to understanding in
the time that seemed so short. The
time I wanted to hold you close. Hoping still that
I will understand your reasons and mine, So I
will sit and say I love you. But to
sit here with my thinghts and memories, I can't help thinking
of the time I sat here thinking with you. You bring my
thinking of yesterday to constant thoughts
of you. You are my friend and I love
you.

*****

One I Would Truely Love to Know Better As a Friend

One I would truely love to know better as a friend
has shown the mirror image to my eyes.
Reviewing soundless pictures of this mere acquaintance.
Recalling wordless conversations.
Endless computations
of the silence around us.
We have become too much the individual,
not letting togetherness stand in the way
of our seperate minds.
The eyes are now open to
view this human mirror.
I do not blame her for her reasons,
for neither is <u>my</u> sanity pure.
We are but corkscrews for the lefthanded man.
Although our thoughts are common
as with the corkscrew,
it is never known how difficult it is
to unscrew the cork from the bottle.

*****

Phyllis Roa

In Search of a Jewish Friend

A middle-aged woman who lives in Joliet, Illinois, is terribly confused by her ambivalent attitude toward Jews. This middle-class Anglo-Saxon believes that friendships between people of different racial, ethnic, social, and religious groups benefit both persons, and her own life has been enriched by such friendships. She evaluates people on their individual characteristics and rejects prejudices, such as anti-Semitism, that classify humans as superior or inferior based upon their mem bership in a specific group. But despite these deeply held beliefs, this woman bristles whenever she sees Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin on television, and the phrase "typical Jew" leaps into her mind. Why does this open-minded woman who rejects anti-Semitism harbor anti-Jewish sentiments that make her feel ashamed?

To begin with, this woman's experiences with the few Jews she has known have been unfortunate. No Jews attended elementary schools with her, and she had no social contact with them in the public high school she attended since they generally remained within their own group. The first Jew she became acquainted with, a neighbor who was a shoe salesman, was overbearing, and she detested his arrogant, haughty manner. In her twenties, she joined an amateur theatre group where she met two Jewish men and a Jewish woman. She tried to develop an amicable relationship with them, but they kept her at a distance with an aloof air of superiority reminiscent of her Jewish neighbors. Their imperious, contemptuous manner implied their affiliation with an exclusive secret club whose members possessed knowledge and insight denied everyone else. The young woman understood that Jews had been discriminated against for hundreds of years in many countries, including her own, and that such victims often develop a protective insolence. She also knew that religious Jews believed they were "God's chosen people," a belief that could also account for a superior attitude. Whatever the reason, she was deeply hurt when her fellow thespians rejected her sincere offer of friendship. Such are the memories that contribute to her stereotyping of Prime Minister Begin as a "typical Jew."

On the other hand, the woman's rejection of anti-Semitism is total. This repudiation began in 1938 when, at the age of ten, she saw the motion picture The Mortal Storm. This film, which tells of the rise of German fascism and its destructive effects on one family, was her first exposure to the anti-Semitic ideology of Nazism. Even her immature mind grasped the dangers inherent in a dogma of Aryan superiority and Jewish inferiority. The irrationality of that repulsive doctrine was impressed on her once again ten years later when she read The Diary of Anne Frank. Since she and Anne Frank had been born in the same year, it was easy for the young woman to identify with the fears, hopes, and emotions Anne expressed in the diary she kept during her early teen years while she, her Jewish family, and several Jewish acquaintances lived in a secret hiding place to avoid their Nazi persecutors. The fact that Anne eventually died in a concentration camp, imprisoned solely because she was Jewish, infuriated the young woman. Without realizing it, she had gradually developed a passionate concern for all victims of injustice.

The young woman became aware of United States laws that restricted the access of Jewish Americans to housing, education, employment, and public accommondations. She discovered that, between 1933 and 1945, unknown numbers of European Jews had perished under Nazi terror because discriminatory U.S. immigration laws prohibited their admittance as refugees. These anti-Semitic laws only reflected the sentiments of the American people, as revealed by a poll taken in 1946, immediately after the end of World War II, that showed seventy-five percent of those polled were not concerned by reports that six million Jews had died in what has become known as the Holocaust. While such heartless prejudice disgusted the young woman, it was at this time that her offer of friendship was rejected by the Jewish actors, leaving her angry and confused.

The woman heard that a movement called Zionism, which advocated the creation of a Jewish state in Palestine, had existed for many years but had received little support from most Jews. The trauma of the Holocaust, however, understandably increased the desire of Jews for such a haven. So, as the result of Jewish agitation, the state of Israel was created in 1947. The Joliet woman believed it was a logical solution and initially approved its creation since the United Nations plan included protections and guarantees for the non-Jews already residing in Palestine. But radical Zionist terrorist groups (such as the Irgun, led by Menachem Begin, and the Stern Gang) attacked the Palestinian communities to force the people from the land, creating a new refugee problem.

As the years passed and the state of Israel increased in strength, the Joliet woman noticed the emergence of a disturbing pattern that suggested a danger warned of by Bertolt Brecht, himself a refugee from Nazism, when he wrote:

In Search of a Jewish Friend-cont'd.

For we know only too well:
Even the hatred of squalor
Makes the brow grow stern.
Even anger against injustice
Makes the voice grow harsh. Alas, we
Who wished to lay the foundations of kindness
Could not ourselves be kind.

Once the Jews had power of their own, they could not be kind. The victims became the victimizers, the oppressed became the oppressors. The Palestinians became the new Jews. The Palestinian Liberation Organization replaced the Irgun, and Yasser Arafat replaced Menachem Begin. When the Israelis, after a series of wars with their Arab neighbors, became occupiers of conquered territories, they ruled in a manner not unlike that of the Nazis, using methods such as collective punishments, administrative detention, and torture. As world opinion turned against Israel, the country formed alliances with pariahs such as the racist South African government (whose leaders had supported Nazi Germany) and the Chilean Junta (whose secret police had been advised by the former Nazi, Walter Rauff). Yet whenever anyone criticized Israeli practices, American Jews conjured up the Holocaust and labeled the critic "anti-Semitic." The woman began to sense an arrogant attitude on the part of the Israeli government that was similar to that of the Jews she had known, and this realization made her uncomfortable.

Since this woman's exposure to the destructive effects of Nazi ideology and U.S. discriminatory laws has caused her to completely reject the concept of superiority or inferiority based on racial or ethnic classification, she knows she is not anti-Semitic. Yet her personal experiences with Jews and her observation of the Israeli government have led her to believe in a "typical" Jewish personality that is brazen and supercilious. If such a personality does exist, she believes it is the result of cultural and religious influences. But if she accepts that theory, is she not guilty of classifying people within an ethnic or religious group? And just how close does that acceptance place her to the anti-Semitism she detests? She needs someone to help her find the answers to these questions that torment her conscience. She remembers one Jew she had liked, one she had understood, one who might have become her friend. Anne Frank. A Jewish friend, someone like Anne Frank, might someday help her find the answers.

*****

David Moore

Deep Meaning in Trivia

Why do they hate what you do,
When you've done nothing to them?
They try to make you feel guilty,
When you've done no wrong,
Committed no crime.

People are people.

They blame the effects,
For being the causes.
The fault,
If it is a fault,
Is in our basic natures.

People will be people.

Watch out for them.
By telling you what to do,
They feed their own egos.
They are only humans,
With another point of view.
So remember,
Morals are in the mind my friend.
Life is short.
Cha la la

People can only be people.

The Monkey Trial
The Monkey Trial
Having fun,
At the Monkey Trial . . . .

The chimp did it.

*****

J. D. Guse

Calmness Penetrates.

Calmness penetrates.
Penetrations exaggerate.
Exaggerations always make problems for me.

I still am in awe
over accomplishments,
still in anguish
over failures.

Not worried.
Not depressed.
Just peaceful.

Lord this is a beauteous day.
Thoughts are complicated.
But my mind is clear.
Write and be happy.
Think and feel warm.
Wish and know the answers
Will fall short in the storm.

*****

David Moore

Cross Purposes

Next!

Hi, Doc, nice day ain't it?

What seems to be your problem?

My cactus talks to me.

I see. Please lay on the couch.

Whatever ya say, Doc.

I'm going to babble a series of words. Please say the first thing that comes into your mind.

Sure thing, Doc.

Blue.

Sky

Dog

Great Dane

No, no--don't think about it. I want instant responses!

Okay, Doc, let's give it another shot.

Knife

Guillotine

Oh my, you are a sick man.

Why? Just 'cause I don't give the opposites of what you say?

Most people do.

All right, try again

Bug

Loch Ness Monster

Man

Algae

Good Lord, you are ill!

Surely the opposite of an advanced animal (man) is a primitive plant (Algae)

I'm calling the Psycho-ward!

Give me a refund. This ain't worth fifty bucks an hour!

*****

Lord of the Tropical Brain Forest

(translation)	(interpretation)
I sit on my throne Chewing a bone Throwing a stone Hitting a crone	The king is disenchanted with his life, feeling he is a burden on his people
Now I want you to know I have to go Taking my woe And some stories by Poe	He finally abdicates and becomes a wanderer
Walking through the Land of Dread I was shot in the head Now I am dead	Travaling through a myth-shrouded land, he is killed
Long live the King!	The End

*****

Twelve Dismembered Bodies in a *Garbage Can*

Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah
Gab gab and gab gab gab gab gab gab
(EXPLETIVES DELETED)
Yack yack yackity yack yack yack yack
Chewing the fat
(CENSORED)
mumble mumble mumble mumble mumble mumble
Grunt, snort

Bizarre poetry for all occasions
-by Moore Inc.

Judy Belfield

Every Day My Wakeupradio Snaps On

Every day my wakeupradio snaps on
at the time I fixed the night before
and it blares at me from across the room.
Some days the walls are buttercup/spring fresh and warm;
Other days, they are ash-blue/blurry and cold.
As I lie blinking periwinklecrystal hazy, unremembered sleepfantasies
from the gossamerclouded, sequinstudded nether-regions
of my half-awake mind,
The radio blares from across the room.
It tells me of earthquakes
and fires
and death.
It tells me,
unashamed,
that man in one corner of the globe or another
is trying to beat the dealer
in a game of world blackjack,
the results of which may be
the annihilation of mankind.
"Cui bono?" I ask,
knowing the answer,
groaning under the blanket
hoping it's only a dream.
The death toll this week includes:
Mae West
George Raft
Liberace's mother
Over two-thousand Italians
Wildlife in California
Trees
Flowers
Grass
Bushes . . .
"Shall I go on?"
the radio asks not waiting for a reply.

I want to take up the blaring voice and crush it --
choke the sounds into silence,
add one more fatality to the list:
One dead radio . . .
But knowing this will not stop the day's events.
I wonder what is the future
and think that soon
this will be a planet of barren ash
created by its former occupants,
the foolish gamblers
who lost their chips
and sold the earth
for thirty pieces of silver.
And yet, in some remote spot,
a weed will sprout
and waiver in a desolate plain
and shrivel . . .
for life was ever thus.

*****

J. D. Guse

Getting Stoned and Writing Stories

Imagine, if you will, cars that run on air and a flat side on a round ball and legallized pot and..... Ah, it's just my mind running with things that could never happen. Well, maybe they could happen.

The hypothetical view of a car running on air is about as ridiculous as an advertisement I saw in National Enquirer, of all things, for the sale of square inch plots of land in Dallas, Texas. Need I say what

dastardly, evil-minded, scoundrelling villain would think up such a scheme--of course it's our purebred, Texas born, American as applie pie asshole, friend and neighbor-----J. R. Ewing.

The flat side on a round ball is just a phrase I use as an excuse for flunking out of mechanical engineering.

Of course we've all heard of pot. What is there really to say? Well naturally, as a writer, I'm going to tell you what I think.

For those of us who have still been able to rationalize after smoking, we have noticed that the word "munchies" is a slang term for the metabolism rate increase caused by smoking the "drug." Not that it's important to know, but maybe that's the reason for that bicycle tire around your midsection. However, if marijuana were amended to our illustrious, renowned, distinguished U.S. Constitution, a piece of paper that would do more use on the wall of a bull shipping zone rather than where it hangs today, than the composition of Joe Blows (pun intended) of America, who inhale the fumes of the dreaded "evil weed", would have to face some realities.

Rule No. 1.

When the government intervenes in the sale of products, such as cigarettes, the item is taxed. How quaint a word like taxed is. It reminds me of the "pooper scoopers" you carry when you take your dog for a walk in the city. Anyway--the rule is that government will try to improve the economy by taxing or completely controlling the sale of the most marketable produce. Thus pot will appear as a societal misgiving instead of a personal high.

Rule No. 2.

Illegally, pot sells between $25 an ounce and $50 for an eighth of an ounce. Granted, this all depends on whether the pot tastes like high potency Sansimillian or like home grown dandelions that are dried in a microwave oven. The point to be made is not of the quality of pot, but the price. There is a slight, and I use the term loosely, chance that the price of legalized pot would be less than the price of the outlawed pot. The possibility is quite slim. Why would the growers want to lose any mucho deneros? Beats me!

Rule No. 3.

With everything that the government might do after pot is legit, the one thing they should really try to do is set standards of what the pot could do---like helping you gain weight. Along with all the caution signs plastered across a future, civilized-looking carton of joints, the government should make an investigation into what kinds of pot cause severe "munchies" and add that to the warning. I could see the commercials now, "For that special dieter in your life, why not buy the pot with the calorie count right on the label...? Yes folks we grow our pot in pure Mexican cow dung, for high potency and low munchie ratio."

Of course for those of us who can't adjust to joints and must resort to other devices, "paraphenalia" so to speak, I shall relate my thoughts.

Rule No. 4.

Yes, my friend, when the acceptance of the "herb" is determined, you can toss that home-made, mouth wash bottle "bong" out the window! Legality will allow you to get "stoned" and smell like it, instead of covering up your personal odor by having a bong that gets you "high" and gives you fresh breath all at the same time.

Through it all, whether we're high or not, we all must keep in mind that there are exceptions to the rules. However I have a biased opinion; therefore I'm a nonconformist, and I won't list any exceptions.

My most prized thought, though, would be to see the "stoned" press agents in Washington D. C. covering the stories from our most famous place of residence in the nation---the White House. Imagine with me that marijuana becomes legalized during our next president's term, and that the president smokes when he must make big decisions.

The agent lights up a bowl as the cameraman begins to record the agent's report.

"Oh wow, man---we're on?"

The cameraman nods.

"OK. Well, like I was standing in the hall in that house over there, man, and like Ronnie comes walkin' down the hall with a bong in his hand cause he was going to the bathroom to get it washed out, man. And like I asked him what he thought about the economy, man. And like he said, man, that like if people would spend more money, man, then like, man----you know man----man, like----Oh wow, man----like I can't remember what he said, man------."

*****

You know you're really depressed when you bother to find your favorite song in the middle of an album.

*****

Rochelle Graham

My World

They say I have a wall built around me,
And I should break it down so I can be free.
But that wall protects me, can't you see,
So when I'm in it, just let me be.

When I'm feeling sad and down,
Don't be hurt if I don't want no one around.
When I'm sitting or lying on the ground,
I like that world that has no sound.

Because there I can think and think with all my might,
To show myself where I'm wrong or where I'm right.
I like that world that seems like night,
And when I'm in it, the door is shut tight.

I've got more problems than I can bear,
Sometimes I feel that's just not fair.
But I want to thank-you because you care,
And being a friend are always there.

*****

Judy Belfield

Did You Know

Did you know
you were in my mind last night?
and a few days before that?
And a week ago as well?
I didn't feel it
when you trampled on my thoughts
because I was too busy thinking them.
We both stopped to admire the same ideaflowers:
Some were colored delicate pink,
like barely tinted alabaster;
others undulated blazingly,
pulsing out of breath
in gushing shades of orange.
I wasn't aware
that you were there
until today
when I discovered the footprints
you left behind.

*****

I Am Lifted by Gray-Puff Clouds

I am lifted by gray-puff clouds
that roll across a pale, blue sky
and am lost in the soft belly
of luminous vapor.
Here dwells that which passed all too rapidly:
I am confronted with dissolving images
of forgotten thoughts
and burried emotions --
long dead, yet twitching like cobwebs at a touch.
These ever-taunting sensations
appear and disappear with cruel speed
as I drift through space
and wonder . . .
The journey is long
and I don't know when it ends
or where --
but I am aloft --
floating in a blue illusion
where once was love,
now evaporated,
like the dreams of twelve-year-old children.

*****

Nancy Lockhart

A Cow I Recall

A cow I recall is what
My father called me when
I was in my early teens.
I always thought of myself
As fat after that,
Though old photographs
Show it wasn't so.
An elephant in ballerina slippers
Was another metaphor he
Had for me -
Which I never forgot.
Not
That it matters now,
Pa-Pa -
Ha - Ha, cause I've
Jumped over the moon.

*****

Your Kisses Are Pepper

Your kisses are pepper,
They are salt.
They marinade my skin
With tenderness.
Your kisses are dancers
Which glide along my neck,
Pirouette over my breasts,
And bow at my belly,
While I throw them roses.
Your kisses are oars
That row me into crescendo
Waves - maniac waves
Which take my breath away.
Your kisses are children
Relentlessly pounding my
jump rope nerves.
Your kisses are panhandle pencils.
Come here, you one-legged beggar,
I've taken a shine to
Your really big shoe.

*****

Easy Letters

The handwritten address
Touches my eyes and the pit
Of my stomach at the
Very same time, while my skin
Goes queer,
Just as in those days when
My fingers fumbled to tear
Loose the place where your
Tongue put the seal.
The easy words lay across
The page like so many
Kite tails painted on a sky.

I know your flourishes,
The half-crossed t's
The predictable I love you's,
Funny little stories about
People I never met,
The not-much-new paragraphs,
The P.S.-write-soons, and
The crazy cartoons you always
included.
Easy letters memorized,
And saved too long in a
Whitman's Sampler Valentine box.

*****

Beth Hawkins

Prison

Cage a winged creature
in a lonely loathsome cage
and stow the key away.

See its useless body molt
featherless from rest
withering away.

Its pulp of a body
all veins and muscles
its mind a purple haze.

Sitting oh so silent
amongst the steel haven
existing in a daze.

Have a little pity.
Be still while you bleed tears
and let out an enraged cry.

Gather up its nothingness
Set it free to live
and yet it will die.

But tenderly hold it
let it breathe and see light;
its strength will grow each day.

Until the haze dissolves
to a rainbow crescent
and wings it way
ever far away . . .

*****

Allison Vanderboegh

Why Does Joe Have Problems?

Joe was a first grade student during the 1979-1980 school year. He is a first grade student again this year. The decision to hold him back one year was reached after his teacher, the school psychologist, and his foster parents realized the many problems Joe faces.

The first, and most obvious problem Joe faces is his unacceptable social behavior. The child is constantly disrupting the whole classroom. He acts in a very immature manner, always becoming the center of attention. Even though Joe is reprimanded by the teacher and the principal, he continuously acts in an inappropriate way. Another problem Joe faces, less obvious to a casual observer, is learning disabilities. Even when Joe receives specialized training, he is still unable to learn things like the other children. The child is also a kleptomaniac, a problem discovered quite by accident. The teacher's aide was checking Joe's desk for a paper he was supposed to have turned in, when she discovered the belongings of many other children, inside the desk. Joe also suffers from an inability to control his hostility. This factor was discovered when the teacher witnessed

Why Does Joe Have Problems? - cont'd.

Joe knocking a small girl to the floor after she touched one of the papers on his desk. As the school year progressed, more events revealed what a confused, upset child Joe really is. There is no specific cause for Joe's problems, but a combination of many.

One of the major causes of Joe's problems probably lies in the first few years of his life. According to social workers, Joe was born to a very young, unmarried Mexican-American girl. She wanted to keep the baby and raise him herself. After several years of trying, she realized she couldn't raise Joe and put him up for adoption. During the years Joe was raised by this girl, he was socially and economically deprived. It is one opinion that Joe received no love or attention of any kind, so by misbehaving now he is receiving attention and love and understanding in the form of discipline. The learning disabilities could be due to the fact that Joe received no intellectual stimulation in his earliest childhood years. The hostility he is expressing may represent his feelings toward his biological mother, who gave him away. Sigmund Freud said that one's superego is like one's conscience, which distinguishes wrong from right, and develops after two to three years of life. If the child's superego is not developed, the child has no sense of right or wrong, no conscience. This seems to be the case with Joe.

The teacher's aide feels that more problems are caused by Joe's foster family. Many times Joe will say or do something which is not allowed in school. When asked where he heard the phrase, he replies, "From my uncle." His 'uncle' is the foster mother's fourteen year old brother, who lives with them. This boy is teaching Joe some bad things which will get him into more trouble later in life. Through conferences with the foster mother, it was learned that she puts great pressure on Joe to succeed. She promises him small gifts to get him to try and do things. This is a type of bribery, and bribery should not be used to get the child to conform. Faulty discipline is used, also. The mother gives rewards for good behavior, but uses threats for bad behavior. One day Joe was missing several buttons from his winter jacket. He said that his mother told him that he would just have to freeze if he lost any buttons from his coat. He was about to freeze. She used this as a threat to try to get Joe to be careful not to lose any buttons. Joe mentioned other things like this to the teacher quite often.

Joe's biological mother was not a fit mother for him, but it is the teacher's and teacher's aide's opinions that he is not in a proper foster home either. It doesn't fit his demanding needs. He needs someone to overcome his problems. He needs love, attention, proper discipline, and a proper home environment to make up for all of the deficits in his early childhood.

*****

David Moore

Pick A Card
(The Tower)

Once there was a great emperor. In the course of his career he made a tiny mountain kingdom into a mighty empire. No nation or nations were able to stand against him as he became the dominant political authority over a vast multitude of lands and people.

Many of his subjects believed he could and would conquer all lands and all peoples. But the desire for control seemed to leave him. He sat back to consolidate his empire.

After ten years his nation was completely unified and prosperous. But he still wanted to achieve something greater. So he instituted a new religion that attracted many followers and soon became the most popular faith in the empire. Yet he managed to allow his people to make such choices on their own.

General, statesman, and theologian. He still was not satisfied. He would be remembered for endless ages, but he still sought to erect some sort of monument to himself.

So he summoned all the builders and architects from throughout the empire to help him design and construct the greatest structure ever seen.

Several years later a wanderer was crossing a desert. He was awed by the signt of a gigantic edifice reaching up into the cloudless sky. A great emerald tower that could only be the work of the gods.

But when he reached it he found that its finishing touches were being added by mortals.

Then a man, whom the wanderer realized was the great emperor himself, came up to him and actually spoke to him in a friendly manner. "Greetings, wayfarer! What do you think of my great monument? It's dedicated to a king among kings--myself."

The wanderer laughed and replied "The gods will not allow such a monument to a mortal ego to exist. They shall surely destroy it."

The emperor scowled and went back to the coordination of his enterprise.

The wanderer made his camp under the shadow of the tower. He planned to stay there until the gods utterly demolished this temple to a man's pride.

He finally died their of old age.

The tower can still be seen today, stretching a mile into the sky, the wastelands surrounding it converted into lush farmland by the emperor's agricultural program.

*****

Judy Belfield

I Bounded Through The Leafy Jungle

I bounded through the leafy jungle;
played in the goldenbrown, lionskinned sunshine,
batting the bees with my paws,
not caring about tomorrow
until it came sizzling upon me
and chased away the game
and dried up all the water.
I crawled on my swelling belly and roared with pain.
I rolled in the Serengeti dust
waiting for the rains that did not come.
Just before I slept,
I begged the winds to cradle me in cool airfingers
and breathe a shower in my face.
I died there --
in the dust --
like so many bretheren before me
who could not speak to me of death:
They knew not the words.
Zephyrs caught me up and carried me into the clouds.
I laughed as I saw the tears I wept
being swept into the corners of the sea to be forgotten --
yet I shall not forget.

*****

Beth Hawkins

A Self-Centered Circus of Life

Stay beside me
but don't kiss me
for you'll kill me
and my pride

Please be with me
but don't touch me
for you'll hurt me
with your world

Don't you stay
please go away
for I've stained you
and abused you

Please believe me
go and leave me
for I've drained you
and I've used you

Don't you see
you can't be me
for I'm an abstract
part of life

Never true
I can't be you
so I'll kill you
with my knife

Once I'll stab you
Twice I'll stab you
then I'll watch you
die so slow

Then I see you
and I watch you
for I knew you'd
never go

How I wish you
truly would have
left me in my
selfish world

So I would have
killed my own pride
with my banners
all unfurled.

*****

Adriane Saylor

On the Nile

Once again, I have donned my Cleopatra face
and called out to Antony over the dirty water
of the heavy evening and its somber children,
those blinking lights across this,
my Own Nile.
I thought she had gone,
when I purged the last yellow light
of the summer-baby out and
settled into my dreamy swoon of bliss;
but she was there as always,
waiting with her asp and her bowl of
dreams and sorrow pudding.
I should have seen her emerging from
the mirror as I turned away from the light.
I should have heard her leaden step
on the dusty, spiral staircase of my thoughts.
Oh she is so mournful in her sacrcophagus,
stretching her thin hand out to me and offering
the warmth of her orb and staff.
To be adored, to be adored she cries into
my ears at night as she measures out my life
for me.
Come, get down with us, her maidens call,
and in the blue twilight, I see Egypt reborn,
waiting for my step in its ruined pyramids.....

*****

J. D. Guse

Depression

Depression
Of the worst kind
Surrounds me
As I see her drive away
A girl I met not long ago
She has trapped my heart
A heart I never show

I listen
To words she says
She tells me
Of the troubles in her life
And in her words I hear the common voice
that tells me 'bout the things I'm going through
and what's affecting me

She
possesses all the interest of the flowers
But she
has caught my heart deep within the powers of her eyes
How hard can I try
Answers to the Whys
I'll never know them

Depression
Of the worst kind
Surrounds me
As I see her drive away
A girl I met not long ago
She has trapped my heart
A heart that I now show

*****

Adriane Saylor

Lunar Orphans Adrift

We are the moon's children;
all night long we bay at the moons and
sing: Daddy scratch me do
mother scratch me do and roll down the hairy
landscape of night into soft valleys
and hidden forests of joy.
We growl and hump our backs and bare
our fangs in good humor
pulling up and jumping down like acrobats.
Where will it end?
Are we mad to worship the moon so
in her cold, cold flight across the
muddy sky?
What would the sun say, knowing we had
given him up and taken up the
relentless pursuit of candle raising in the dark;
lighting one match for every bursting star,
we are on our knees like children, throwing the dust
into that one baleful eye.
You be my moony love, I sing, and you croon
sonatas in my ear.
Shall I tell you the one about the silver boat
I have hidden in the honeygarden?

*****

Judy Belfield

Migraine

I sit in an overstuffed chair
as my hands begin to go numb --
the numbness inches upward
slowly
slowly
like the Angel of Death
spreading the green fog over the land.
I no longer feel the cigarette I'm holding
and it falls to the floor --
I retrieve it quickly,
sparing the carpet a singe-spot
and as I sit back up,
I am blinded,
like Paul,
by a searing light,
brighter than the morning sun.
I try to see the walls;
my eyes strain to focus on familiar objects,
but it is hopeless --
everything is hidden behind strobe-light,
blue-light, white-light, mirrored light, wriggling light --
light dancing everywhere!
Like electrified hairs,
I watch my ocular nerves leave their prison
and begin to vibrate, flicker and quiver
in heartbeat rhythm on the walls.
I become slave to a great crashing pain
that rips through my brain
and I know what insanity is.

*****

Judy Belfield

I Was Driving Home Today

I was driving home today
when a motorcyclist in an orange jacket
appeared in my rear-view mirror
And I thought about the you of fifteen years ago:
The you whose hard-muscled arms
were so exciting to touch
through your nylon windbreaker;
The you whose thigh-muscles
I watched with fascination while you drove,
tensing and relaxing
as you stepped on the brake
and then the accelerator;
The you who filled your car
with the faint smell of Alberto VO-5.
I was overcome with these thoughts,
ready to cry with the pleasure of them
crowding up my heart,
And I hurried home to tell you,
to grab your arm,
squeeze your thigh,
and poke my nose in your ear --
but then I remembered
you wouldn't be there.

*****

Last Night I Dreamed You Died

Last night I dreamed you died.
Galaxies twirled into billows of blue-black clouds
crusted with the sprinklings of crashed-up stars
And all the universe swirled into a violent, violet whirlpool,
hurling moons and planets in a spectacular eddy
that was sucked up into a monstrous black-hole void.
Chaotic music screeched
in staccato, high-frequency, brain-cell-boiling pitches
like magnified chalkboard-scratching fingernails,
like radar screens gone riot,
crowded with diagonal beams of crisscrossing soundwaves.
Last night I dreamed you died,
and I woke up confused in the thick gray-black shadows
of almost-morning;
woke with half-dry tears squiggling past my cheeks
and singing my hot, nerve-prickled ears
and I trembled as my throat croaked your name
in a hoarse, groggy whisper
that dissolved the dream,
sprung open my eyes,
and sat me bolt-upright in bed.
"Please take care of yourself,"
I pleaded, reiterating in silence like solemn Gregorian chant
as I lay back down shivering with fever
and heard the first mourning bird.

*****

David Moore

Quiet Conquest

Godship. That was the official government name for them. Indeed, it was said that these ships had the powers of the gods contained in their gigantic anti-matter reactors. Each was named after one of the gods worshipped by the people of Domnus. Nothing in the known universe could match their power. After all, did they not possess the weaponry to shatter worlds?

One of these awesome starships had crossed the void and entered a new system. There was a world here that could support the intelligent life-forms of Domnus. There was no greater treasure in the galaxy than a planet that could support life. It was a treasure those aboard the ship had come to claim.

The Domnus, a warrior race in form, were more intent on the study of philosophy than the arts of destruction. But the fiery spirit of conquest that drove their ancestors still blazes within their souls. Every race that travels the stars bows before the people of Domnus. Pondering the nature of the universe is easier if you don't have to wonder what your neighbor is doing. Physical form may not be important in an era of technological warfare, but if there ever were creatures evolved for physical combat they are the inhabitants of Domnus.

An Earthian biologist would probably be forced to classify the denzians of Domnus as some sort of bizarre, warm-blooded amphibians. They're vaguely humanoid giants with slimey, wrinkled hides. Their hands have only three fingers and a thumb, each with a retractable claw. Their heads are shapeless, rounded masses. The mouths are huge, full of long and wicked fangs. They eyes are not arranged linearly, one is placed lower than the other. A large, fin-like membrane grows from the top of the head. The Domnus are almost impossible to kill because they have the ability to regenerate almost any injury. Besides that, their strength and agility are incredible.

Ten thousand colonists gathered in the great auditorium of the Godship. They had spent their time during the trip in the basic study of the cultures of the planet they were to conquer. This session's purpose was to brief them about the equipment they would be outfitted with.

The captain stood before them on a raised platform and lifted her arms to indicate she was ready to speak. The crowd fell silent as all attention was focused on their leader.

Allowing a customary moment of silence, she looked over her audience before speaking. When she did start she got right to the point. "As you all know, a device has been surgically implanted in your brains. I shall now reveal the purpose of these little gizmos. Firstly, they will allow you to speak to the inhabitants of the target planet by translating everything said to you and every thing you say. But more importantly, this device allows you to walk among the aliens unnoticed. You see, it distorts their perceptions. They will see us in our true forms, but their brains will only pick up the image of another creature like themselves. You can also give a merchant a rock or leaf and he will perceive it as currency until long after you leave. However, if you wish to purchase anything important, such as a home or vehicle, you should use the synthesizer."

The colonists instinctively checked the devices strapped to their arms.

The captain continued "The synthesizer is a multi-purpose survival aid. It can convert all organic matter into food. You can also convert metals or paper into currency. This is how you can obtain property in a more conventional manner. The synthesizer is also your weapon. You can transform any hostiles into vapor or dissolve their most advanced metal alloys. Now please report to your warp chambers and may the gods aid and comfort you."

The colonists got up and filed out in an orderly manner. It was not long before they had lined up in front of their assigned warp chambers to be teleported down to the unsuspecting planet below.

Chol Zzenn reflected on the brilliance of the plan as he entered the warp chamber. There was nothing very special about him, he was just a minor operative, and the 997th to enter that chamber. But he was also something of an amateur philosopher. That was why he dwelled upon the plan even though he had it completely memorized.

Planet Domnus could no longer support its population. The obvious answer for a warrior-race was to conquer another world. But it was hardly ethical to exterminate an intelligent species. It was finally decided to have relatively small groups of Domnus infiltrate alien cultures and live as social parasites. The plan had worked beautifully on many worlds, four groups were already at home on this one.

Chol relaxed in the warp chamber as time and space were distorted around

him. There would be a few moments of nothingness, then he would find himself on the target planet. For the good of his people he would live the rest of his life on a primitive mudball.

By the time the Godship left its orbit the planet called Earth was listed as conquered. 50,000 Domnus had made it their home for better or worse.

Chol was teleported to a small city. This was a gathering point, many of his fellows were also here. Sooner or later they would meet and plan their basic strategy.

But for now, Chol would just get used to his new home. He was next to a busy road, the vehicles on it were rather on the antique side and used fossil-fuels, but he already knew this from his studies. What he had trouble getting used to was the size of the buildings and the distances that seperated them. Some of them only had one level! It was true, the native Earthians squandered farm land just for the luxury of spreading out their cities.

He was examining the plant life, which didn't seem too strange, when he became aware that he was standing near a sign. Chol's studies had indicated that signs were used by merchants to trick people into buying something. This one proudly proclaimed ABORTION: AMERICA'S #1 KILLER. Chol wondered what con these merchants were running on the people. He would have to associate with humans before the translator could decipher their written language.

After walking along the road for awhile and enjoying the environment, Chol decided to enter one of the structures. He crossed a wide open area where the natives left their travel machines and arrived at the entrance. He had some trouble opening the glass door and squeezing through. For even though the Earthians saw him as a normal human, he was still a large, massive alien.

The entire building was a complex of walled off compartments where merchants conducted their business.

Then he saw a shop full of books and other reading materials. He couldn't believe that the general public had access to books, so he went up to a desk and asked the female there "Can anybody come into your selling compartment?"

She stared at him oddly for a moment and he feared his translator was not working. But she finally replied "Sure, unless you got food or drinks or something."

Chol grinned "Thanks, I'll be back as soon as I learn to read!" He all but jumped out into the large hallway in his joy. He didn't care if he attracted attention, nobody would suspect the truth.

As he left the hall of merchants and inhaled some fresh air, a man came up to him "Hey, would you like to donate to the..."

Chol cut him off "Excuse me, do you know where I could learn to read?"

The man scowled and seemed disgusted, but finally said "Well, there's the college over on Houboult. Now how 'bout..."

"Thank you!" exclaimed Chol as he dashed off in the direction the man had indicated.

The man mumbled about jerks who would do anything to get out of giving as he watched Chol run.

Chol wandered about in an aimless search pattern. It was dark when he finally reached what he deduced was "the college".

He entered a huge hallway with a high ceiling supported by columns. Nobody paid him any heed as he walked past the tables that were placed along the hall.

Five humans sat at one of them. They were playing some sort of game. One of them was fooling around with some sort of toy spaceships. The Earthians certainly looked ahead. Chol was going to like it here.

*****

BETTER IF READ BEFORE NEXT ISSUE

02615

YOU NEVER KNOW...

THERE JUST MIGHT BE A SECRET PRIZE

? INSIDE ?

NO ARTIFICIAL INK WITHIN

SERVE WITH IMAGINATION

ALPHA-PARTICLES®

IS PART OF A BALANCED DAILY READING ...

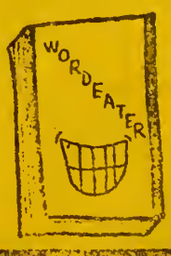
BE A WORDEATER

ALPHA-PARTICLES

SAVE

YOUR SELF THE TROUBLE OF COMPILING THIS ISSUE BY CONNING YOUR FRIENDS INTO DOING IT BEFORE YOU PICK UP THIS ISSUE

VOID WHEN UNDERSTOOD



✂ CUT ON DOTTED LINE